Lovely Strange Dark

ULTRABAROQUE DEPROGRAMMER

BY ITOU SEIKOU & ASADA TORAO

CHAPTER 5

Scans & translations
Kalendel
Raw preps: Ren
Editing: Ximena
QC: Ianu

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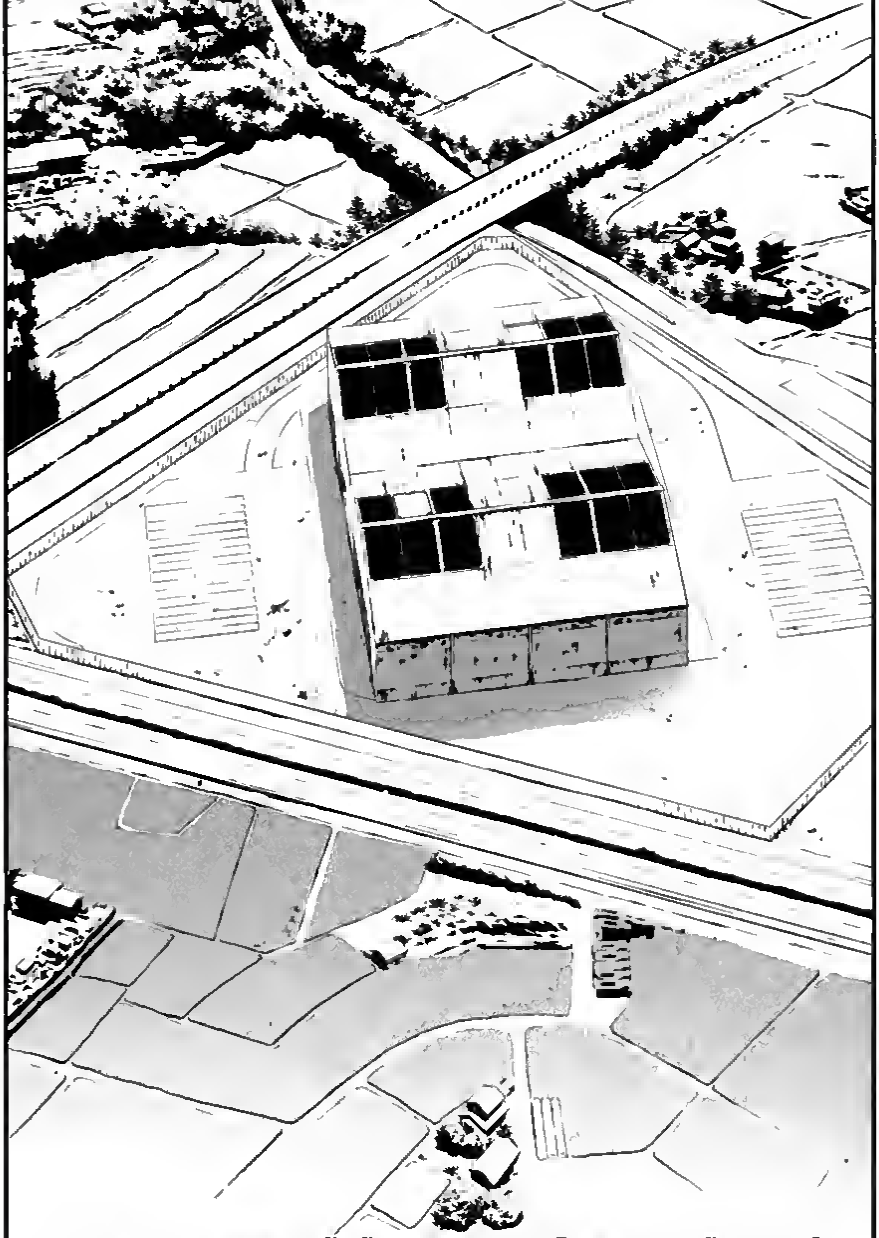
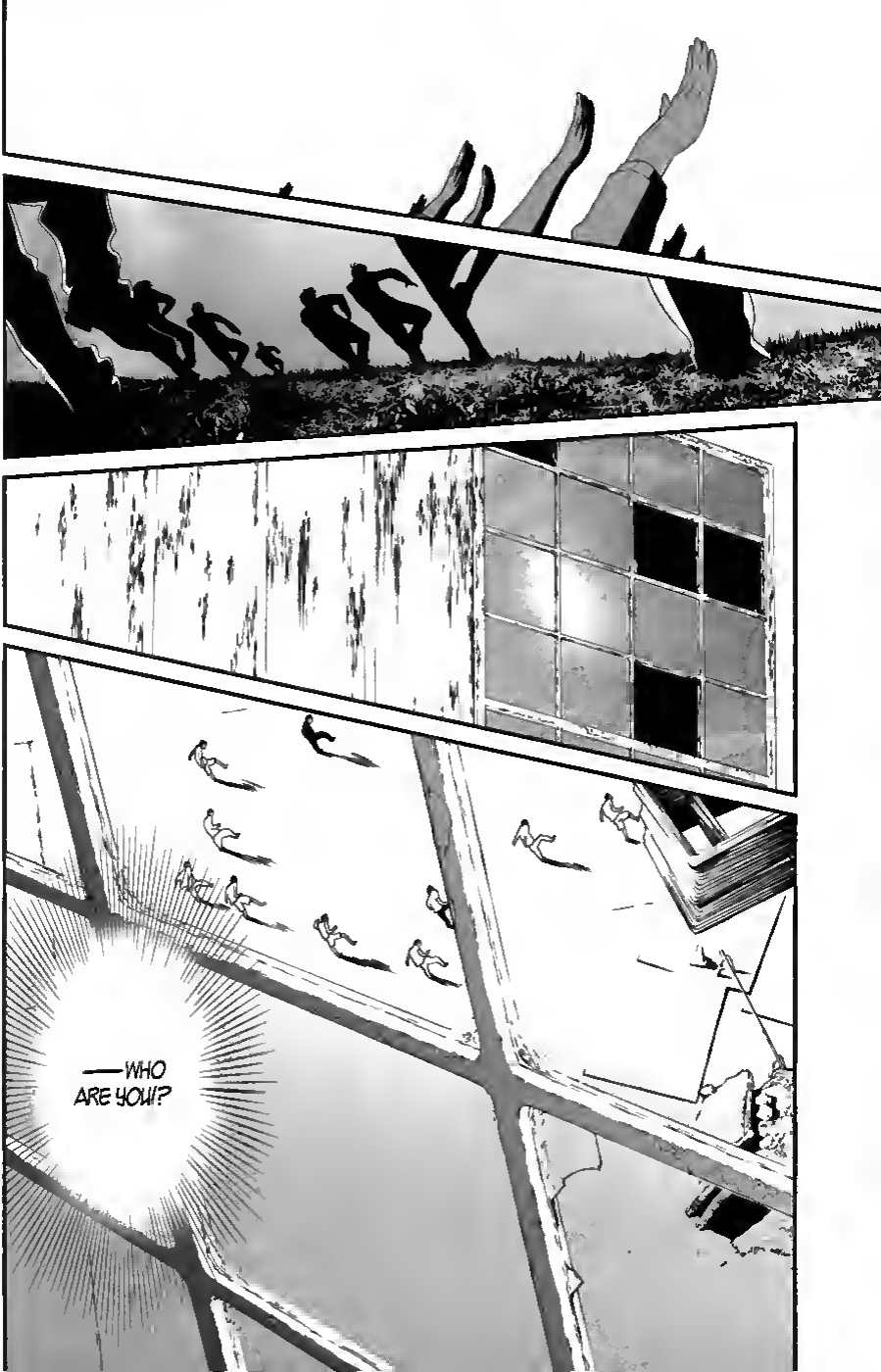


CHAPTER 5 COMMAND MELODY ❸


——WHO ARE YOU!?

WHO
!?

HUH?
AFTER ALL, SINCE WE WORK HAND IN HAND, WHEN ONE FALLS WE BOTH DO.
WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING DONE UNLESS THE TWO OF US WORK TOGETHER.
ENOUGH OF THIS. I WANT YOU BACK IN SHAPE BEFORE OUR COMEBACK JOB.
HEY, WAIT A SECOND!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?
SO THAT'S IT?
WE WERE BEST BUDS OR SOME-THING?

I DON'T KNOW THE WAY BACK! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!
AND YOU'RE MAD THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN YOU? C'MON, WAIT UP!
HEY——

tug tug
creak
...What is this... I can't move...
THOUGH
THOUGH I HAPPENED TO LIE ON MY BACK, I FOUND MY ARMS AND LEGS
WERE STRONGLY FASTENED ON EACH SIDE TO THE GROUND...
I WONDER WHAT HE'S QUOTING.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, I BET.

..SORA?
I CAN'T OPEN MY EYES
HUH!?
DON'T WORRY, IT'S JUST A WARM TOWEL.
THAT'S JUST MUSCLE PAIN!
MAYBE THAT'S WHY MY WHOLE BODY ACHES
SORRY, BUT YOU WERE REALLY THRASHING AROUND
...IVER, LET'S SEE...
click
GULL...
click
WHAT HAPPENED TO MY ARMS AND LEGS?
THAT GAS MAKES YOUR EYELIDS PRETTY CRUSTY. I COULDN'T OPEN MINE UP EITHER.
YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING FOR HOURS!

PUSH
SORA, I'M HEARING YOU IN SURROUND SOUND.
MMM —— THIS IS PARADISE...
MAYBE MY EAR CANALS GOT MESSED UP.
SURROUND?
WELL, NOBIRU IS A GOD.
GEEZ, WHAT AN OLD MAN!
? THERE'RE MORE KIDS HERE, SORA?
WHO'S NOBIRU?

I AM.
...WH—

I didn't sense any of these people...!
So the kids' voices I just heard were them-?
Then when I thought it was Sorachai talking, it was——
This kid steals people's voices...!

VRRRRR
YES, OF COURSE WE'RE WORKING ON HIS LOCATION.
UNDERSTOOD.
THEN WE'LL SIDELINE IT.
I'M NOBIRU.

TAKE US TO NARITA AIRPORT
GOT IT.
PIZZ
WE'LL BE POST-PONING OUR TRIP TO THE WORK-SHOP.
DON'T SAY THAT. HE SAID TO HEAD THERE FIRST CLASS.
WHAT?
THE BOSS'S ORDERS AREN'T VERY CONSISTENT
FWOOM
WHAT'RE YOU YELLING FOR?
SORA-
SORA!

C'MON, QUIT POKING HIM!
Poke
Poke
Poke
Windsurfing
27
Clang
Clang
CAN'T YOU TELL YOU'RE FREAKING HIM OUT?
TH— THAT KID!
HE WAS TALKING WITH YOUR VOICE!
HUFF
HUFF
SLIDE

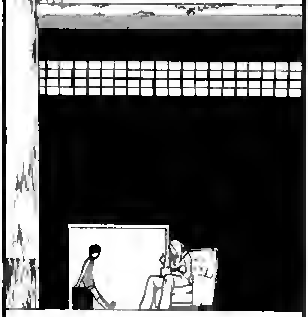
COOL, RIGHT?
NOBIRU'S LIKE A PARROT.
Cool?
I just told you that he's stealing your voice— !
This kid's dangerous. That's what my damaged mind is telling me.
BECAUSE NOBIRU'S A GOD.
A SONG GOD!
AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE GUYS TALKING IN KIDS' VOICES?

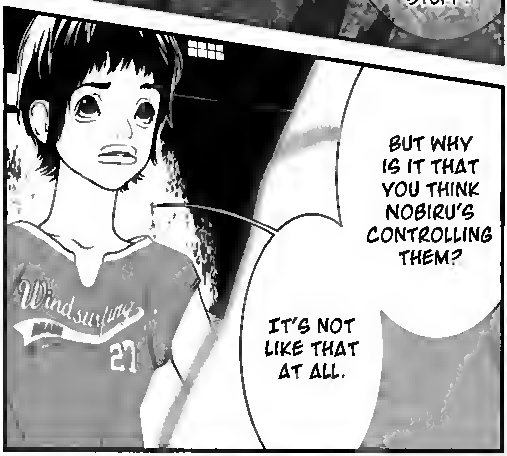
IS THAT WHAT THIS PLACE IS? LIKE SOME KIND OF MIMICRY SCHOOL?
MIMICRY?
YOU COULD CALL IT THAT.
HA HA
HA HA HA HA
AS FOR US, WE'RE NOBIRU'S CHILDREN
These guys...

HUH!?
SWISH
Are being manipulated through the highest level of hypnosis ——!
CLACK
CLACK
CLACK
Don't tell me... he's a piper!?
GRAB!

If he's controlling these "children" with a cammand melody outside the audible range,
isn't it passible that I've already been hypnatized as well...?
If I've already been invaded by the cammand melady...

THEY COME AND GO WHENEVER.
THEY'RE IN LIKE A THEATER WORKSHOP, WHERE THEY DO THESE WEIRD DANCES AND STUFF.




BUT WHY IS IT THAT YOU THINK NOBIRU'S CONTROLLING THEM?
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AT ALL.

I TOLD YOU,
THAT'S THE KIND OF WORLD I WAS BROUGHT UP IN!

THOSE SELF-STYLED "CHILDREN" BOTHER US TOO
THEY'RE ALL LIKE "AMAZING VOICE" THIS "SONG GOD" THAT

BUT WELL, IT'S TRUE THAT NOBIRU'S VOICE AND HEARING ARE INCREDIBLE.
HE CAN MIMIC A VOICE AFTER HEARING IT JUST ONCE.
AND I'M TELLING YOU, THAT'S NOT NORMAL...
YEAH, THIS VOICE?
He looks like he's just some cute kid,
but there's something...

This feeling...
She's the best psychiatrist at St. Augustine.
Chika's the reason you were treated so well in that special care room.
IT'D BE QUICKER FOR CHIKA TO TELL YOU HOW COOL NOBIRU IS.
CHIKA? WHO'S THAT?

IS... THAT THE NAME FOR THOSE GUYS WHO SAID THEY'RE "NOBIRU'S CHILDREN"?
YEAH.
PW AS IN PSYCHIC WORK?
I DON'T KNOW. I JUST KNOW THEM BY PW.
...THE TATTOO.
DID YOU... JUST SAY... PW?
STOMP STOMP
DID SHE KNOW THAT I WAS A DEPROGRAMMER?
NO.
SO SHE JUST TOOK AN INTEREST IN ME?
GUYS... PAY ATTENTION TO ME.
ANYWAY, DON'T LET THOSE PW GUYS BUG YOU.
WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED EATING, I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND THE PLACE—
Volt

Scribble
DO THEY HAVE THIS TATTOO ANY-WHERE ON THEM?
IT'S KINDA LIKE A GUN WITH A WING.
Scribble
THE TATTOO
IT LOOKS FAMILIAR.
ONE OF THE GUYS HERE EARLIER HAD SOMETHING LIKE THAT ON HIS WRIST

HOW'S THE WEATHER OVER THERE?
WARMER THAN TOKYO?

There's no doubt about it.
It's the washer faction that originated in South Africa and quickly spread to Amsterdam.
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Psychic Work!